

6 December 2025

Waiting

The song I came to sing
remains unsung to this day.
I have spent my days in stringing
and in unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true,
the words have not been rightly set;
only there is the agony
of wishing in my heart.....

I have not seen his face,
nor have I listened to his voice;
only I have heard his gentle footsteps
from the road before my house.....

But the lamp has not been lit
and I cannot ask him into my house;
I live in the hope of meeting with him;
but this meeting is not yet.

— Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)